

THE WORST IN COLLEGIATE JOURNALISM SINCE 1982



# THE KOALA

VOLUME 73, ISSUE I

"Slogans are for idiots"



In This Issue: Handicapped-Accessible Jokes • Fucked Buddies • Bri's Revenge on His Ex •  
Roulette (everyone wins!) • In-Depth Fashion Analysis • In-Depth Cyanide Analysis

# Welcome [Back] to UCSD

So. You’re been gone all summer, but we’ve never left, not for a second. In fact, we’ve been haunting UCSD for nearly twenty-five years and we’re still the only newspaper that matters. To prove our usefulness, we’ve dedicated much of this issue to guiding you through the perils of UCSD – frats, sororities, the dating scene, not-yet-stolen golf carts. It’s all treacherous for upper-classmen, but this issue will save the lives of countless freshmen.

You’ll also find us mocking dead celebrities, soon-to-die celebrities, and desperate dads.

Perhaps a reintroduction is in order. In the past, a lot of people have obsessed over our human characteristics, but I think it’s time to refocus on our koala side. Just like our namesakes we sleep twenty hours a day, we eat intoxicating eucalyptus leaves, and we have tiny brains with forty percent of the cranial cavity filled with fluid (one guess which fluid – it starts with a “b” and ends in “-ooze”). Yeah, we’re The Motherfucking Koala.

Anyway, welcome back to a town with the toughest football team on earth. Just look at Chargers’ linebacker Steve Foley. He was pursued all night, but finally stood up on his own turf and took the offense’s three best shots. He didn’t leave the field until the special teams, er, paramedics arrived. That’s the sort of mental toughness my old coaches would have creamed over.

Welcome back to a university that’s beginning to look like a corporation, a place where the administration thinks that RSO’s are doing a great job, a place that permanently appoints the ax-man who took down SRTV. Look Tritons, I know that there’s a lot broken in this school. And I know that many of you are ready for big change in your lives. The Koala is dedicated to leading you back to the promised land of a fun college lifestyle. But I dunno, you’ll probably have to wait for the next issue, or maybe the one after that. In the meantime, enjoy what you’ve got in your hands.  
-Ed.

Evelyn Lin, we’re still interested in interviewing you. Please email [editor@thekoala.org](mailto:editor@thekoala.org)

I enter the Bikram’s Yoga room full of hot chicks. There I realize I am the yang to all the yin in the room as I am the only dude amongst 18 hot and sweaty women. I’ve been attending for a while, so the girls all know me, and I just kinda keep to myself. Today the instructor of the class said that we should disabide by the social norms, and that ladies in the room should feel free to take off their tops. The instructor took hers off, and as the class progressed, more and more ladies felt comfortable taking off their tops. During the standing series, the instructor helped another girl out, and the girl started moaning, and then another girl started fingering herself and she started moaning. The other girls sensed this and two of the girls on the other side of the room made the room a little steamier by taking off each others bottoms and going down on each other. After this all the women found a partner to do lesbian things with and then I realized I was in a room full of women dyking out. The rest of the sitting series these women and I had the time of my lives. But I didn’t want to ruin the vibe, so I just sat in the corner fingering my asshole, chanting “*The publication may have been funded in part or in whole by funds allocated by the ASUCSD. However, the views expressed in this publication are solely those of The Koala, its principal members and the authors of the content of this publication. While the publisher of this publication is a registered student organization at UC San Diego, the content, opinions, statements and views expressed in this or any other publication published and/or distributed by The Koala are not endorsed by and do not represent the views, opinions, policies, or positions of the ASUCSD, GSAUCSD, UC San Diego, the University of California and the Regents or their officers, employees, or agents. The publisher of this publication bears and assumes the full responsibility and liability for the content of this publication.* Hare Rama blah blah blah.”

## Caption this Stupid Photoshop



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David Gregory

**Fuckin Drunkards**  
Nicholle, Bri, Jason

**Raging Alcoholics**  
SARS, Vince, Matthew C, Robert, Anna, Skillz, Judy

**Binge Drinkers**  
E-dawg, Jer, T-Bone, Barton, Paula K., Eugene, Dirty,  
Milk, Moximo, Aaron, Stevie Why, George

**Sober for Three Months and Counting!!!**  
Not-rad Kohlenberg

*The Koala meets Fridays at 6pm, in the Media Lounge (above Soft Reserves)*

**AS**  
Associated Students



**Top 5 New Pornos Starring UCSD Students**

- 1. Silent Sex: Fucking Time on Geisel’s 8th Floor
- 2. Muir Summit Plows Warren Canyon, Part 2
- 3. CLITS @ CLICS
- 4. Ten Guys and Nicholle Masturbating to Tentacle Rape Anime
- 5. Small Tits, Big Sunglasses

**Top 5 Last Words of Steve Irwin**

- 1. Isn’t she a beaut, I wonder if she likes being tickled?
- 2. I wonder what this hole does?
- 3. Crikey there’s a barb in me ticka!
- 4. Et Tu, Stingray?
- 5. I regret that I have but one life to lose for Animal Planet.
- 6. Crike...uhhhh.

**Top 5 Pick-Up Lines for Guys with Small Dicks**

- 1. Don’t be such a dick pig, try a smaller portion.
- 2. They call me the Bobby Pin because I’m small and I always unlock the drawers.
- 3. A true master needs precision tools.
- 4. It’s three and a half for most girls but I think I could get up to a full three and three quarters cause you’re so HOT.
- 5. Shhh! I got a quarter stick of dynamite in my pocket and you’re liable to set it off
- 6. Just like a cat burgler you’ll never know I’m downstairs but come tomorrow you’ll know you’ve been fucked.

**Top 5 Reasons to Hire Someone**

- 1. He is the Golden One prophesied to fill the Last Cubicle
- 2. She’s a handicapped black lesbian midget with a camera crew
- 3. To usurp control of the mail room, one dunce at a time
- 4. Has a thirty second memory and can shred 100 documents per minute
- 5. Christmas party orgy potential

**Top 5 Lines to Seduce a Married Man**

- 1. What ring?
- 2. Doesn’t your wife always tell you to take out the trash? Well, here I am baby!
- 3. Want to remember what a blow-job feels like?
- 4. Do me any way but missionary.
- 5. I’m not your wife.

**Top 5 Games Played at a Cop’s Birthday Party**

- 1. Pin the crime on the darkie
- 2. Red light, green light, you still get the ticket because it’s my word against yours
- 3. Kickballs
- 4. Drug evidence-pinata bashing
- 5. Bobbing for brutality videos

**Top 5 Benefits of a Green Card Marriage**

- 1. You can just deport her after you sober up
- 2. He doesn’t speak English
- 3. Makes for a ton of great “sneaking across the border” innuendo
- 4. Your fantasy of banging a foreign maid comes true every night
- 5. “No sex, no social security number”

**Top 5 Ways Siamese Twins Can Prove They Are Badasses**

- 1. Siamese roulette
- 2. Tagteam some Siamese bitches
- 3. Put out a hit on the other
- 4. Have Siamese cocks
- 5. Survive the split

**Top 5 Things Porn Starlets from UCSD Have in Common**

- 1. All fucked in the ass by student registration fees
- 2. Worse looking than ones from SDSU
- 3. Most plot lines involve trading sexual favors for higher grades
- 4. Jizz stains on their UCSD hoodies
- 5. Less sex than normal students at other UC’s
- 6. A lot of nerdy, acne-ridden stalkers

**Top 5 Reasons to Fuck a Nun**

- 1. They look like sexy penguins
- 2. Can blame limp dick on god
- 3. Can blame baby on god
- 4. To help her experience a second coming
- 5. When I see a habit, I gots to grab it.

**Top 5 Things Your Orientation Leader “Forgot” to Mention**

- 1. RSO’s use voodoo to find and ruin all dorm parties
- 2. It’s still possible to suicide jump off Tioga
- 3. The Sun God pisses on anyone who walks between his legs
- 4. 6 great colleges, 600 great reasons to kill yourself
- 5. “Proud to be UCSD” is code for “Rejected from UCB”

**Top 5 Reasons to Date a Locked Up Felon**

- 1. Bad girls put out when they get out

- 2. Someone else is doing his cooking and laundry
- 3. He’s already had his fill of anal
- 4. It was love at first soap drop
- 5. “Bitch” and “stool pigeon” are such cute pet names

**Top 5 Secrets about the UCSD Chem Labs**

- 1. They’ve discovered the cure for fun
- 2. Apparently “UCSD Chem Labs” sounds better than “UCSD Meth Labs”
- 3. They’ve been dumping a new element, Assholium, in the UCSD water supply for years
- 4. They can be locked from the outside
- 5. Under the fume hood, no one can hear you scream

**Top 5 Lesser Known A.S. Positions**

- 1. Commissioner of Koala Interference
- 2. Vice President of Boredom
- 3. Director of Glory Hole Relations
- 4. Vice Oral Dick-Taker
- 5. Bent over and panting on Joe “The Assraper” Watson’s desk

**Top 5 Things al Qaeda Did Over Summer Vacation**

- 1. Flew over Empire State Building
- 2. Beat the shit out of some infidels in pickup soccer
- 3. Corporate merger with The Koala, Inc.
- 4. Jacked off to 72 virgins
- 5. Sat around in a 140 degree weather and played the ‘who farted’ game

**Top 5 Things Every Girl Says During a Break-Up**

- 1. I knew the surprise rim job was a deal breaker.
- 2. You should have killed me when you had the chance.
- 3. Blah, blah, blah-different people who’ve grown apart, blah, blah-don’t want to be in a relationship right now-blah, blah-still be friends-blah, blah.
- 4. And I don’t even like anal!
- 5. And you actually bought that Immaculate Conception bullshit, Joseph.

**Top 5 Reasons the RSOs Deserve a Raise**

- 1. The aggressive, fun-hating retard market is very competitive
- 2. The price of “I’m the Boss” shirts has gone up
- 3. Can’t find any illegal aliens to do the job
- 4. They have to deal with gallons of Anna G’s puke

- 5. Pay should be commesurate with ass size

**Top 10 Things Coroners Say During Sex**

- 1. Stop moving.
- 2. Here’s another teaspoon of en-balming fluid.
- 3. Could you stand in the fridge before you come to bed?
- 4. I got you this cute little toe tag to wear.
- 5. I really like it better when you wear the blue lipstick.
- 6. Don’t blink now baby, I’m almost finished.
- 7. The bullet holes are good for grip, see?
- 8. If I don’t get another huff of formaldehyde I’m gonna go limp again.
- 9. Your cock is the stiffest I’ve ever had.
- 10. The result of my autopsy on your anal virginity is conclusive: my dick did it.

**Top 5 Reasons UCSD Doesn’t Admit Rednecks**

- 1. Parking lots not big enough for trailers.
- 2. They would make the Mexicans look too smart
- 3. When they fill in the blank on the admission form that asks for “sex” they write, “Only with my closest relatives.”
- 4. Dorm rooms don’t have porches to keep your kitchen appliances.
- 5. JanSport doesn’t make a backpack with a shotgun holder.
- 6. Not enough blacks to beat up.

**Bottom 5 Ways to End Summer**

- 1. Waking up between the bearded lady and the dog boy
- 2. Chained to a burning dumpster while a hobo pisses on you
- 3. Apologizing to Jews for remarks made during drunken rant
- 4. With another year at UCSD
- 5. Face down in a homosexual gangbang in an alley behind Margarita Rocks, goddamn that would suck (or so I have heard)

**Top 5 Ways to Exact Revenge on Jeff Foxworthy for 20 Years of Terrible “Comedy”**

- 1. Slit the motherfucker’s throat and say: Who’s the redneck now, bitch?
- 2. Take him on a cross-country tour, dragging behind your trailer
- 3. Last comic standing: Russian roulette with Blue Collar Comedy cast
- 4. For every unfunny joke he tells he must eat one of his children
- 5. Make him perform in Motown and give the audience guns

Submit your terrible lists online at [www.thekoala.org/lists.html](http://www.thekoala.org/lists.html)

UCSD Soft Reserves

Political Science 142K: Politics and Warfare, guest lecture by Professor Mel Gibson

Causing every war has just been a by-product of controlling all media and financial institutions. But after murdering Jim Caviezel, killing everyone else was the next logical step for those atheist Jews.

A brief history of how they're responsible for all the wars in the world:

The Battle of Thermopylae; 480 BC:

-The Iranians sent around 200,000 troops to conquer Is-reatlantis. At the Jewish head-quarters, haggling generals accept the suggestion of young Achilles Spielberg that they 'send out 7000 troops and God forbid save a couple Drachmas.'

The Crusades; 1095-1272 AD:

-War in the name of Jesus Christ. Why is it that every time there are thousands of senseless deaths, there's gotta be a Jew involved?

War of the Roses; 1455-85:

-JEWS refused to let their Mexican gardeners union-ize.

The Thirty Years War; 1618-48:

-Who would be so damn stubborn to fight for 30 damn years over whether central Europe would be Catholic or Protestant? You guessed it, JEWS.

The War of Jenkins' Ear; 1739-48:

-You guessed it, Jenkins (aka Yenchins) was a JEW. And that wasn't his ear, unless ears grow on dicks.

American Revolutionary War; 1775-83:

-Started when English JEWS hiked up tea and stamp taxes to get more precious gold.

Napoleonic Wars; 1799-1815:

-Napoleon was actually over-compensating for being a JEW.

War of 1812; 1805-11 and 1813-18:

-Started by clever Jewish publishers to make their turn-of-the-century American history textbooks, recently sold at full price, obsolete. I mean honestly who gives a shit about 1812?

The American Civil War; 1861-65:

-Financial stress divides a nation, brother against brother... Just like in that show, "Frasier." And who co-produced Frasier? Rob Greenberg - the Slave-monger, and more importantly, a JEW.

The Boer War; 1899-1902:

-The Dutch wanted to hang, but the British totally bogarted their land. How Jewish is that?

World War I; 1914-18:

-Archduke Franz Ferdinand was assassinated by a nationalist armed with dreidels. Made of clay. Happy Hanukkah, Austria-Hungary.

World War II; 1939-45:

-In an unexpected twist, the JEWS cleverly allow millions of their own people to be heiniously murdered, opening the door for the multi-million dollar Jew-fests Schindler's List, The Pianist, Life is Beautiful, etc. etc. etc.

Vietnam War; 1950-53:

-Lagging profits caused the JEWS to rethink their War to End All New War Screenplays strategy. This time they would gun for the Asian war baby demographic. Vietnam, the highest grossing box office war ever, spread across the American public like napalm smothering a peaceful village.

The Bay of Pigs; 1961:

-Jewish butchers try to enforce Kosher Laws in Cuba.

Everything since:

-Who knew that having a modern, democratic state surrounded by millions of religious fanatics would lead to conflict? You guessed it, JEWS.



"Oh Mel, you sly devil. They'll never notice Professor Hussein is gone."



Sept. 25th-29th

anti rush

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Do you want to be featured in the Muthafuckin Koala?

E-mail us at [editor@thekoala.org](mailto:editor@thekoala.org) with pictures and descriptions of why your place is worthy.

Check out future issues for students who aren't bored anymore

# Nicholle's Adventure as a Man-Eating Prostitute

For most people, it's the City of Sin, sparkling lights and gambling. But for me, above all, Las Vegas is *the* city of prostitute adventures.

As soon as we checked in, my roommates decided to pass out. I called Davey G over for a drink, waited two minutes, and then started taking shots of Bacardi. Within half an hour I was messed the fuck up and bored of watching "Outdoor Adventures with Jeb Garland." I was in fuckin' Las Vegas! So I decided to head out and find a suitably sinful situation.

After realizing that I couldn't gamble because of the gay-ass age limit, I decided to partake in Vegas's second favorite pastime: prostitutes, but none were around. Lucky for me, I'm female, I'm nubile, and I can rip o my shirt faster than your dad can prematurely ejaculate. Why not be a ho tonight?

Before I began, I staggered to the bathroom for a final inspection. Boobs? Double D's - check. Slutty clothes? A flirty skirt, no panties, and a shirt that said "I Feel A Sin Coming On." Definite check.

The easiest way to discourage undesirables and to entice the wealthy is through the strategic use of direct eye contact. I may be a temporary whore, but I'll be damned if I'm going to let some Puerto Rican put his frosting in my cake. I started walking to the Luxor, randomly choosing guys to approach me. One guy had a little three-year-old boy with him. I barely glanced at him, but he zoomed in on me like a fourteen-year-old on Myspace. I turned the opposite direction but before I got ten feet, I heard "I feel a sin coming on, too." Gross.

Apparently he had read my shirt and felt an uncontrollable desire to use it as a pick up line. He'd grabbed his kid and speed-fucking-walked to catch up with me! I drunkenly giggled a little and thought about having a little fun with the dad while the kid got his first sex ed pointers. Unfortunately, I don't o er half price for children's admission ... anymore.

So I screamed "rape." But then I realized I probably couldn't rape his kid in front of all those people, so I left, and resolved to only hook up with dads of five-year-olds.

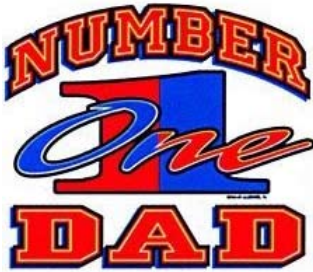
That night, I found out that the easiest marks were young fathers. During the next couple of hours, three more dads approached with the same "clever" line and spewed some other word ejaculate, but I was fucking drunk so I don't re-

ally remember. All I know is that their kids were to young and I was achin' for some five-year-old bacon.

Another slam dunk was the young basketball player. Apparently, there was some sort of tournament nearby because these Jordan/Bryant/James-looking guys were everywhere. And they were definitely looking to dribble across my backcourt. Finally I caught a pass from one baller and began chatting him up. He quickly multiplied to two players and then to a whole team. I was in the middle of a circle of athletic hotness and about to have them run some drills on me when ... my cell phone rang. It was my fucking roommate.

She told me to come back to the hotel because I was fucking drunk and didn't know what I was doing. So, I told the basketball players to meet me at a nightclub and maybe they could practice their finger rolls on me. I found my way back to Excalibur, got more drunk, made out with two out of three of my roommates (the third one is Puerto Rican), and didn't remember which nightclub I had said until two days later.

Oh, well. I guess I'll just have to finish the job next time: April 6th-9th 2007. You're invited.



# MATTHEW'S MYSPACE MENAGERIE: Models

When your Friends List gets to 5000 bitches you have to be picky about who you talk to on Myspace. You need to weed out the gay guys, the fatties, and the weird looking Asian chicks who are obvious products of anal sex, all craving the Ten Inches of Terror. So I made it a new rule to only date girls with a background in modeling or cooking (girls, these are your only hopes for success in life. Pick one now and drop out).

After cruising through my messages I noticed a hotsy totsy blonde girl named Rachel. She modeled, was 18, and her profile was filled with gamer symbols. My first thought was "I've never banged a chick while playing Halo, while she played Halo" (I'm so behind on my to do list). And for those of you who don't know, women reach their expiration date after 18 years, then the catch and release program is strictly enforced so average UCSD students can get sloppy seconds. Besides, why would I want to deal with an obsolete product?

Now all I had to do was think of something clever to message her. Nowadays broads are getting messages from every pedophile on the internet so my chances with a "hello" are slim to none. You need something non-intrusive yet lets her know that you're a sociopath on the prowl. I went with the classic Matthew "Hey baby, what color are your socks?" (We've been verifying this at least works 50% of the time via text message. Yes, SororityChick you met one of the writers, now call me back and lets have a thumb war.) I'd love to tell you that line alone got Rachel to come over, but you will have to read the truth in "Get Some Fucking Game I Only Have a 1/2 Page for this Article".

“Catwalk this off!”

She was stark white with hair dyed black and big sunglasses. When we walked up my stairs she took her sunglasses off and to my surprise was still decent looking (UCSD girls keep them on for God's sake). Ignoring Halo, she pulled out 4 Coors Lights, and 5 bottles of prescription medication from her bag, popped 'em and chased 'em with the Coors. I read the bottles - Lithium. She pulled out her wallet and I saw a high school ID that said "sophomore".

"You said you were 18."

"No I'm 16, but don't worry 16 is like the new 18". I thought she made a reasonable point, one I'm sure the judge would accept.

Something else caught my attention in her bag. As I pulled out a 50 ft. pink nylon rope she said with a smile, "I like to be tied up in pretty knots." Now I knew that Mom put me in Boy Scouts for good reason. "Pretty knots right. Take your clothes off, kneel down, put your hands paired in between your legs and crouch down into a fetal position". We performed an amazing interpretation ofw Shakespeare's Doggystyle [The Merry Wives of Doggystyle or Othello the Merchant of Doggystyle] while Rachel was tied up. Those watching my webcam smiled down on me that day. I kept the dickens delivery up for a good forty minutes until she was yelling that she was cumming and her pussy tightened.

That's when I realized my horrible mistake. Did I forgot a condom? Wait, who uses those things ... No, I had been good in bed. Remember the golden rule of humping hos: NEVER fuck well or they'll just keep calling you forever. AIDS you can shake, ask Magic, but a crazy bitch, well... ask Kobe. I had to take urgent action. I looked for a gun or blunt object, then Saint Tom Anderson granted me a moment of divine clarity.

"So you still like being tied up?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah?" This bitch should have seen it coming. "Well, next time invest in a butt plate with a combo lock."

"What?"

"Catwalk this off!"

Then I buried my cock in her asshole. Oh, the screams. Funny thing about the position she was in and tied up, all I had to do was lean forward and her head was muffled in a pillow. After I raised her internal sperm count I untied her. Oddly enough she was smiling. She got her clothes, rope, and empty med bottles, walked to the door, turned around and kissed me. She said, "Thanks babe, that was great," handed me 20 bucks and walked off to her car. I looked at the 20 spot for a second. "Paid for sex. Damn, that was next on my to-do list! Movin' on up!"

# THE OFFICIAL KOALA GUIDE TO RUSH WEEK

Rush Week is a stressful, confusing time, and that's just for passers-by on Library Walk. Young pledges often have no idea what they're getting into and we feel it's time to lend a helping paw. After all, who worse to educate UCSD than The Koala?

The greek system has produced some great thinkers (Plato) and drinkers (Dionysius), but surprisingly none of them went to UCSD. In spite of any pop culture-inspired fantasies of greek life, the sad fact remains that our frats and sororities are still populated by UCSD students. Rumor has it they even have "academic standards," whatever that means.



## KNOW YOUR GREEKS

For those we forgot, don't feel bad, you just weren't worth mentioning

**KKΓ**: Don't mess with the Ku Klux Girls - they've got a gal-lows in their logo! Actually, their hate for anyone not like them is merely above-average for a sorority. But if they allow you to make eye contact, some turn out to be attractive.

**Tri Delts**: Ugly and lonely? You're not the only one, in fact there's a club for girls just for you! And for you wasted guys: "try Delts," you know someone has to!

**ΠΒΦ**: Sluttier than the average sorority girl, but hot, mostly.

**ΣK**: Don't take a Sigma Kattle home to mom, unless your mom likes beef. Lots of beef.

**KAΘ**: Apparently Davey made out with one, but no one else has heard of them.

**XΩ**: Of the two we know: one became a raging over-eater, the other is a alcoholic slut. Basically, a typical sorority.

**Pike**: Easily identified by their swollen bodies due to their unique diet of beer and hair gel combined with mandatory gym hours.

**AΕΠ**: Jews and Greeks combined can only mean one thing: an invasion of Turkey. On the plus side, their parties are usually crammed with gold digging hos.

**ΛΧΑ**: If you want to get in at the ground floor of a fraternity just like any other ... you're two years too late. Watch them compete with Pike for control of the AS shadow frat government.

**NAK, ΓZA**: What's the point of two Latino frats when the Regents don't even admit them as students?

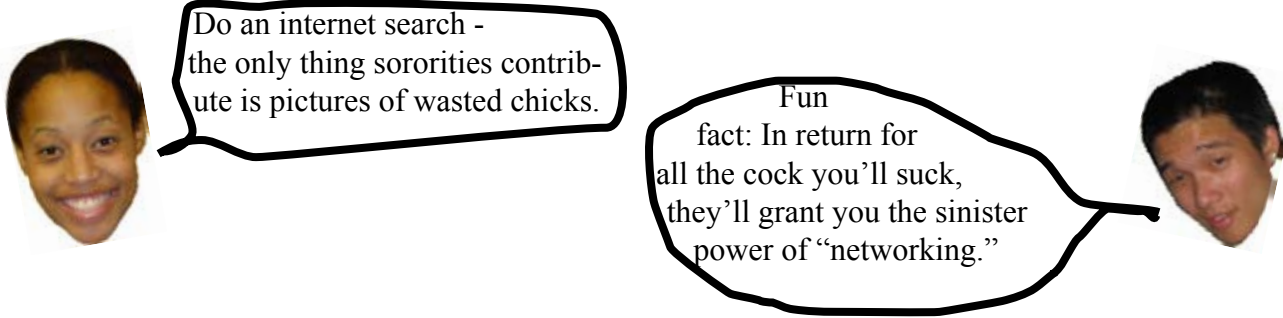
**ΣAM**: When you get rejected from Pike, but are too cool for an Asian frat.

**SigEp**: Remember that mock beer pong tournament that no one went to last year? At least they haven't tried throwing mock parties.

## Typical Frat Initiation Fees

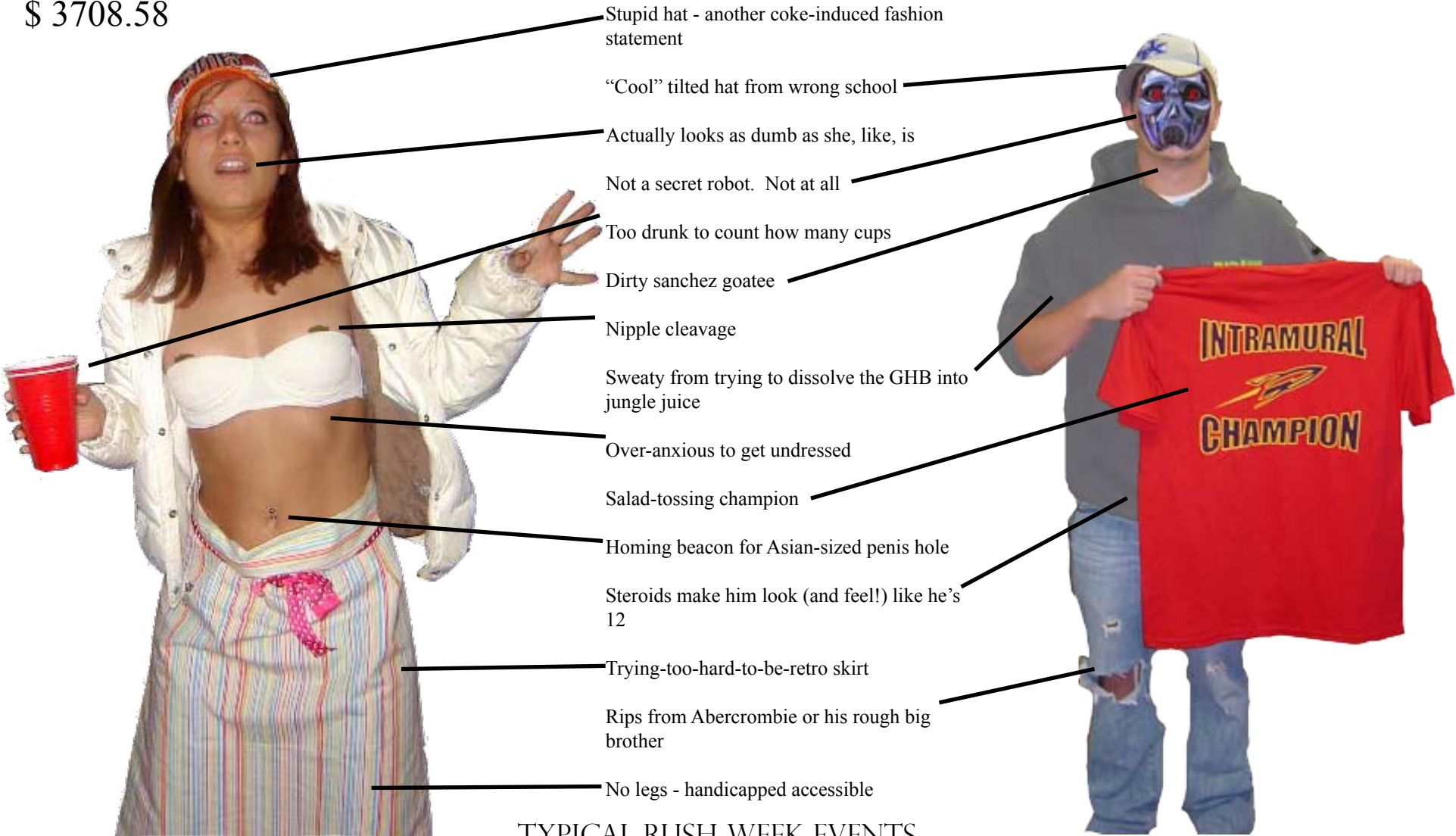
- \$2000 insurance
- \$200 anal virginity insurance
- \$40 barcode tattoo
- \$1000 bicep and calf implants
- \$20 union dues
- \$15 fat sorority ho rental
- \$100 burial money
- \$5.15 labor (1 hour of paddling)
- \$1 community service
- \$5 Pabst Blue Ribbon fund (aka the drink until the pledges look like girl scouts fund)
- sales tax 7.75%
- \$50 repressed homosexual tax
- \$10 poll tax

\$ 3708.58



## THE OFFICIAL KOALA GUIDE TO LOOKING GREEK

With preening Greeks on the prowl, don't get caught looking unique!



## TYPICAL RUSH WEEK EVENTS



If you think Ms. Thursday is cute, come to the Media Lounge Fridays at 6pm. Oh, and I hate you Mari. - Bri

# A GUIDE TO: THE UNAUTHORISED ACQUISITION OF PERSONAL TRANSPORTATION DEVICES (How to hot-wire golf carts after getting drunk at the Pub)

The Koala Laboratories for Investigative Technology are devoted to furthering the quality of life for our fellow UCSD students. One problem we “stumbled upon” is the challenge of navigating campus while completely inebriated. Standing becomes hard enough, walking is worse, and it takes forever to get anywhere while hydroplaning in a pool of your friend’s vomit. &

Many researchers died to solve this, many more went to prison, and one joined a cult in Utah. Six months later we found our answer: golf carts. Our studies have determined that golf carts have seats, and seats show an inverse correlation to drunken face-planting as well as a positive relationship to having coitus on a seat.

To initiate your own study in drunkengolfcartology you’ll need the following:

- 11 cans of your preferred beer (10 in your stomach, 1 in hand)
- Several drunken lab assistants to egg you on
- 1 pair of wire cutters
- 1 big-ass hammer
- 1 fake molar with cyanide capsule
- And 1 golf cart, Dr. ShitHead

Picking your new golf cart is the most important step - some are harder to steal than others. Ignore those that have doors with locks on them. Locks will only waste time that you could spend destroying public property. The easiest carts to steal have the ignition keyhole located below the driver’s seat. After you have picked your victim, make sure it is in a secluded area (i.e. not in the middle of Price Center, Prof. DumbFuck). Have your stupid drunk friends keep an eye out for staff or narks. If anyone with a nametag is spotted, kill them with the hammer.

First, go puke in a bush. You want to keep your work area as neat as possible.

Now, pull up the seat and you’ll see a metric shitload of wires. Figure out what to do.

If you still haven’t figured out what to do, bite the cyanide capsule because you’re a fucking retard.

Waiting...

If you’re still reading you are obviously too doltish to even kill yourself. You obviously go to Marshall. All you need to do is cut the two wires leading to the ignition, strip them, and tie them together. Done.

So now you are a retard with a working golf cart. What are you going to do? Some suggestions:

1. Chase handicapped students to help them train for the Special Olympics &
2. Drive to the Cliffs and see if you can jump to Japan (make sure the battery is fully charged)
3. Go to lecture

It is important to note the best reason for hot-wiring golf carts: being inside one greatly decreases your chances of getting run over by another drunken idiot in a golf cart.



Our assistant demonstrates proper laboratory technique for transporting naked chicks



*In accordance with the Americans with Disabilities Act of 1990, these jokes have been made wheelchair accessible.*

SAFEWAY SELECT VODKA...  
AND A FAT CHICK!



The Russian Roulette of Vodka!

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE

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Join the Koala and Gain Eternal Glory!



Ghandi:  
Koala Editor 1982



Malcolm X:  
Koala Editor 2010-2020



Lucifer:  
Lord of All - Forever!



Please, don't come if you're this old guy  
(Brad Kohlenberg, Editor 2004-2006)

Meetings  
Fridays at 6pm in  
The Media Lounge,  
Old Student  
Center

(Second Floor, above AS Soft Reserves)

# Steve Irwin and Jack Hanna Meet in Valhalla in 2026

Steve Irwin, aka the Crocodile Hunter, is sunning himself just outside Valgrind, the gate to Valhalla, for the first time after a furious snow-storm. He watches as a disheveled old man stagger in from the direction of the fleeing storm.

Steve Irwin: Crikey! Looks like an old bugger dragging in some more snow... Jack? Jack Hanna, is that you?

Jack Hanna: Huh? Who is that? Where am I?

SI: It's me, matey--the Crocodile Hunter! I'd ask ya how ye been, but from the looks of things, I'd say you's the one been dead twenty years!

JH: Oh God, so I really am dead. Where are we, Steve? I've been walking through a storm for days.

SI: Well, sorry that the welcoming committee is out to lunch, but welcome to Valhalla! Resting place for the warrior dead and training grounds for the battles to come.

JH: Wow. Everything was very fuzzy right after I died. I slowly realized I was in a snowstorm, and I don't know how, but I located some horse hoofprints, which I followed here.

SI: Those were the valkyrie's, mate. They have these horse-wolve critters, but they can fly too. They's the one's that pick you out on Earth and lead you here.

Crikey, I remember when I first showed up on this side of the fence, why I just jumped on and rode her all the way into Valhalla.

JH: The horse?

SI: No, matey--the valkyrie! I told you they can fly, didn't I? Nothing like being penetrated with a stingray barb to make me want a little of my own. Blimey, sex and surfing all at the same time, I never had such bloody good fun!

JH: Well, I wish it could have been that way for me. My hands are frostbitten, and I think my balls have receded entirely.

SI: Actually, they don't let you have balls in the afterlife.

JH: Really?

SI: No, mate, just pulling yer yank. Well, maybe you'd best do that yourself.

JH: Anyway, as I was following the tracks I couldn't help thinking about my life, all these things I wish I could have done differently. Like maybe not spend so much time brown nosing with the late night and morning news circuits--those people never really cared about protecting wildlife.

SI: Don't be so hard on yourself, Jack boy. I mean, I thought it was hi-larious and well-deserved when you let that baby cougar bite Newt Gingrich right plum on the chin! And they thought I was reckless.

JH: Yeah. But I really should have told Charlie Gibson he might have contracted rabies from the fox I let bite him.

SI: Naw, naw, no regrets, matey. I did what I came to do, and then BAM!--Odin here summoned me to his service. Pretty clear message, really, poison barb right through the fucking heart! Odin's real professional like that, he don't jerk you around.

JH: Actually, I died of MS. I was in outpatient care for half a decade.

SI: Hmmm. Well matey, if I were you the only thing I would regret was you keeping ducks in your dorm room in college. What were you thinking?

Odin: The time for battle has come, Beestingbutt. Get your lilly ass over to the transporter... Who the hell is this?

SI: Odin, you old shoe, this here's Jack Hanna. He may not look like much of a fighter, but he can sure bore you to death!

Odin: Well, he's not leaving with us. Take him inside and get him something warm to drink. We wouldn't want him to get too... uncomfortable.

SI: Sorry, Jack, but it looks like you've missed the wave again. Odin and I are off to Ragnarök to wage total fucking war on the sprawl barons and all the other moldy old genetic programs. But don't worry matey, I'll remember to say hi to Jay Leno for you right before I bite his fukken hand off!

JH: Alright, where's that coffee? God my head hurts.



Jack Hanna, celebrity koala molestor



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Porter's Pub - a UCSD Tradition Since 1993



# Hot Guyz at UCSD!!!!



You’re destined to spend the next 4-9 years of your life at UCSD, so you obviously have low standards and you’re used to compromise. For example, if you want an adventurous man from school, you probably won’t get a clean one. If you want an exotic taste of the Orient, you probably won’t have amazing sex. So my fellow chicks (and fudge packers), try to make the best of these UCSD men:

1. **The Athlete** - RIMAC’s the place to go if you want this raging bull. You can easily spot this macho cutie from his relaxed attitude, his open beer, and his “San Diego State” sweatshirt. His drawbacks: He’s hung like a pigeon because of his “muscle enhancing vitamins.” The only math he can do is adding up his bench press weights. He’s a communications major - so unless he goes pro, you can assume that in 20 years he’ll be sitting on his toilet with a shotgun in his mouth.

2. **The Jesus Freak** – This squeaky-clean choir boy is filled with religion-induced sexual frustration that tends to explode in super-naughty, mindblowingly orgasmic sex... if you’re a fourteen-year-old boy. Every time you two have sex it’s a threesome with his Holy Father. His drawbacks: Every time he orgasms, he screams, “AMEN” and crosses himself. He claims that you’re going to hell unless you suck his Jesus between classes. You will always be fifth (at best) on his list of interests (1-God 2-God 3-God 4-Himself).

3. **The Black Guy** - For those of you lucky enough to scope out this 1.4% of the UCSD population, be prepared for a grinding, do-rag wearing, ‘playa’/sophisticate. He can deliver a taste of the ghetto but pull off khaki Dockers with a button down polo when interviewing for his McDonald’s “internship.” His drawbacks: He pretends he’s a Compton Crip when the only thing he ever shot is his load all over your face. He spends most of his money on shoes and Kool-Aid, and when you two are getting it on, be prepared for severe visceral injuries when his mega-sized dong ruptures your uterus and intestines.

4. **The Nerd** - He’ll help you ace your tests and teach you the importance of saving your strip club profits. And he looooves role-playing in the bedroom. His drawbacks: He can’t get it up unless you put on your elf ears. Talking dirty means reading to him out of his math text. He refers to your boobs as mammaries, and sex as coitus. Basically, he’s about as fun as herpes outbreak coupled with a mis-carriage due to overmedication at 3 months, but at least you didn’t tell dad.

5. **The Stoner/Druggie** - If you can find this hunk in his 3rd or 4th year at UCSD, you know you’ve found a keeper. If he can manage to live in a world of purple unicorns and talking mushroom hallucinations and still compete with The Nerd, he must naturally be a fucking genius! Also, he’s guaranteed to think anything you say is funny. His drawbacks: He’ll eat all the food in the house EVERY single day. Also, he won’t ever have any money to spend on you ‘cause, I totally forgot ... he’s a fucking druggie! Way!

6. **The F.O.B.** - This exotic little creature spends all his time in the library, surely looking up kinky Sutra positions. He drives a souped-up car with an ENORMOUS engine. Of course, we all know that guys who drive big cars have big cocks (I don’t know how their tiny girlfriends can endure what must be a MAMMOTH plowing - their torsos must be entirely made of vagina\*). He can help you with some of your homework, speak to you in the spicy language that is Chinese, and serve up one hell of a mean eggroll. His drawbacks; He’s just in it for the Green Card... rather he’s just barely in it! Still, he’s a great catch, as long as you don’t mind catching bird flu.

7. **Your Professor** - This sugar-daddy wields power over all the other UCSD males (except The Black Guy, ‘cause he’s gonna end up in prison no matter what). He speaks slightly more English than The F.O.B. He’s got a twelve-inch slide rule that he uses on naughty students. His Nobel Prize grants instant access to the UCSD Meth Labs. He won’t make you call him daddy. He’s drawbacks: He will make you call him granddaddy. And your 4.0 GPA will never be enough to chase his liver-spotted, wrinkly penis from your nightmares.

When considering all these guys at UCSD, at least you can safely assume that they are all at least a notch above retarded. Have a good time fucking. Now do the matching puzzle, bitch!

\*[Ed. note: Is vagina the word I’m thinking of? What’s that inside part called, where you put your dick? I think it’s vagina. Vagina.]



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## SWEET LADIEZ OF UCSD!!!

- The Sorority Chick-** do-able with beer goggles
- The Asian Academic-** do-able with beer goggles
- The O-Chem T.A.-** do-able with beer goggles
- The Born Again Christian Girl-** do-able with beer goggles
- The Psycho Stalker-** do-able with beer goggles
- The Lipstick Lesbian-** do-able with beer goggles
- That Angry Black Girl-** do-able with beer goggles
- The Weekend Alcoholic-** do-able with beer goggles
- The Feminist Bitch-** do-able with beer goggles

### Sour Milk the Bio Major

Why do they only teach econ majors how to make money? Why don't they teach all college students how to be successfull in business? The one thing I would like to have after graduating college is the knowledge of how to make more money than someone who hasn't. But NOOOOOOOOO!

EconMajor: What will I be learning in class today?

ProfessorXYZ: You will be learning about how to make a million dollars before you're thirty.

BioMajor: What about me, professor?

ProfessorXYZ: Why, you'll be learning about nipples, you tit!

BioMajor: Thats bunk, I wanna learn how to make a million dollars before I'm thirty!

ProfessorXYZ: You should have studied less in high school.

EconMajor: If thats all we're leaning today I'm just gonna ditch and go to the Gamma Gamma Nu party.

ProfessorXYZ: Actually now that you mention it we're also going to learn about how to hire and fire people like 'Bio is my life' boy over there. Save a beer bong for me.

Answers: 1.F; 2.U; 3.C; 4.K; 5.Y; 6.O; 7.U

**BADNY FUCKER** **BADDY FUCKER**

HE JUST FUCKS  
YOU OVER.

"HE JUST FUCKS  
YOU OVER."

FRIENDS  
MEET  
SOME HOT  
chicks

THE GIRLS WANNA DANCE...

BUDDY FUCKER WATCHES THE DRINKS

BUDDY FUCKER

“WATCHES”  
THE  
DRINKS

GODAMMIT,  
BUDDY  
FUCKER!

BUDDY FUCKER INTRODUCES  
CAROL TO HIS FRIEND,  
RALPH

**THE GIRLS LEAVE THE BAR...**

**EXIT**

**PUDDLE  
O'  
PUKE**

DAMMIT.

**BUDDY  
FUCKER!**

This Buddy Fucker cartoon was inspired by a true story.  
Do you have a Buddy Fucker story? Bring it to a meeting  
or e-mail it to: [buddyfucker@thekoala.org](mailto:buddyfucker@thekoala.org)

# THE KOALA PARTY REVIEWS

## Cali Summer, Bitches

### 9/16 Pre- “Rous House Party”

We passed out Koalas then headed over to the Pub and met this 34 year-old ex-con with a pad-lock through his nose. He was hanging out with Cristobal (who, coincidentally, has crystal balls) and they took us on a weed run. We scored some pot off of this hippie family who lived in a van. The hippies had this six-year-old kid who they apparently hated because they repeatedly begged us to kidnap him. The kid climbed into the car and started attacking us with a Lightsaber. He calmed down once I convinced him to sing some rap lyrics. Sadly, he was being a white bitch and wouldn’t say “nigga” so we pushed him out of the skylight of the car. Once stoned, we met up with The Koala and after everybody had enough of the humorous Dirty Mike vs. The Ex-con Drunken-Rambling-Face-Off, we headed out to the Rous Party. We got lost, smoked a little more, the ex-con climbed to a second story apartment by jumping on cars like Jet Li, we forgot where we were suppose to be going, then I think we happened to find the party. From what I remember, it sucked.



### 9/16 Rous Party

Koala mobbed deep to this one which in the words of Dirty, “gives my soul a boner.” It was a night of transformations. The living room was turned into the dance room that couldn’t; there was never more than seven people on the dance floor the entire night. The hideous girls were turned into barely bangable dick mittens as the booze flowed and standards dropped. The college crowd was turned into a high school one and then back again for no reason whatsoever. And apparently the keg and fridge were turned to dust, by the way those shish-ka-bobs were delicious. A quick shout out to John for sharing his awesome salad and being overall chill. Props to the UCI girl who ditched her boyfriend to mack on me in the bathroom. Let’s see what else ... there were two tables of beer pong, a few Viking cheerleaders, and plenty of people trying to bribe Koala members for a good review. Sorry next time add another zero, this party sucked.

00stars\*

[\*Ed note: As a man of honor, I’ll honor my tiny bribe with a half star. The party did last an hour after the keg, so congrats Sigma Kappa]



### 9/08 Rainbow Family Bonfire at Black’s

I arrived, took a hit of the MJ-laced air then jumped in the water with a lesbian hippie named Sam. After awhile, Sam dragged me back to the bonfire and we danced. Sadly, I’m not really a lesbian so I ran off when she leaned in for a kiss. Yeah, I know you guys hate me.

I swam some more and met a surfer dude named Cal from Cal. After braving the dangerously tame waters together for an hour, we were ready to go back to his tent. Once on the beach, we met this cool hippie chick who wanted to teach us how to hoola-hoop and twirl fire sticks. After learning to properly hoola-hoop, I turned to invite Cal to partake in a hot fire dance with me only to find that he had passed out.

I went to my stuff and my roommate was sitting there looking bored. He said he wanted a Cotixan burrito. Cotixan is freaking awesome.

The next one’s Friday, Oct. 6th if anyone cares to challenge my bonfire review.



### 9/18 Welcome Back Dance

What can I say, it was exactly like every one I’ve ever been to. I got trashed, danced, walked around for hours looking for pussy scraps, went home alone, did a line of coke with friends, and passed out. Still, I have no positive thing to say only because of the giant herpes-like-sore on my face. Nobody wants to hook up with that shit. My homie Ajay, however, enjoyed a hand job on the dance floor, from a 6’2” Swedish girl. Also, Jeremy ended up taking home a fucking hideous freshmen at 4:30 in the morning. He realized what he had done just as she awoke and announced “Finally lost my virginity, it didn’t hurt at all.” J promptly kicked the bitch to the curb. Overall, +2 stars for the pussy, -3 for lack of alcohol, +2 for enough alcohol to let those unfortunate hook-ups take place.



### 8/24 Home Brews Rager

In Humboldt, we went to see a band perform at this bar/club called Home Brews. Yet again, I had a problem with the gay-ass age limit. Luckily, one of my friends works at a Laundromat and people loose their IDs alot. So we stopped at his place of employment and picked up a License for me. I instantly became Lianna Marie Lopez, a year older, Mexican, and I gained entry into the bar.

Once drunk, my friends and I started dancing like psychos. Suddenly, some girl started rubbing against me. She yelled in my ear that she loved my curly hair, her name was Martha, and she was a lesbian. I smiled nervously and ran.

After I had made a clean escape, another chick walked straight into me and knocked me down. She looked sorry and offered to buy me a drink. So we went to the bar and had started drinking when the chick put her hand on my knee, told me that her name was Erin, she loved my hair, and she was a lesbian. Fucking great.

I finished my beer, smiled, removed Erin’s hand, and then stuck close to my friends for the rest of the night.

Moral of the review: Humboldt is swarming with hippie lesbians who like curly haired girls named Lianna.

1.2 stars for my brand new identity and the tips on picking up chicks if I ever decide to become a lesbian.



### 7/28 Near-Block Party, Easter Wy.

The first party had everything - what social function could be complete without a clingy drunk trying to convince every one in his tunnel vision that his life was over after a DUI/car total-ing birthday the night before? I survived fifteen minutes of that only to be kicked out by the slutty, noise-paranoid hostess. Supposedly one of The Koala’s guests called her a bitch while making out with her. So much for chicks in cowboy hats liking dirty talk. Of course we ignored her, leaving only after the party was dry.

Like alcoholic locusts, we found a new party just down the block. This condo cluster had a smaller party, but more beautiful people. Their “formal swimwear” theme was ingenious given the heat wave, but the beach imagery didn’t prevent this luau from also drying out quickly. Soon after, security arrived and after an extensive search we rounded up our herd and left ahead of trouble. But maybe we should have gotten rolled instead. The after-party had nothing but a tree-house and suffocating boredom.



### 8/11 Opium Barf Fest

My second day in Humboldt, my friend and I discovered opium. We went to the Co-op and bought 20 poppy pods for eight bucks. We went home, made the tea, and waited for the high to come. I barely felt anything after half an hour so I decided to raise my dosage from 6 pods to 10 pods. I immediately felt very high. Sadly, I spent the entire next day barfing on the cold sand of Clam Beach. However, I did feel very relaxed while puking up my guts. All in all, opium is a very accessible drug that can make you feel very chill if you take the right amount. But if you do happen to over-dose, you’ll still have the most enjoyable puking experience of your life.

1.5 stars for Opium.



### 7/4 San Diego July 4th

Got up early and packed up about 30 beers and a bottle of Champagne (thanks Steve). Aaron, Ajay, and I went down to PB using George’s garage for parking. There were girls everywhere. We walked down the beach and made out with any girls who felt so inclined. We met State, USD, foreign, and UCSD girls, and got shots from some cool girls. After swimming drunk in the water and getting burned as fuck we headed back. We went to the Def League house and drank. I shattered a bottle using a billy club inches from Barton’s head. One of the girls came back with us to smoke and I proceeded to check her mouth for cavaties with my tongue. Then we dropped her off back at the house and took my girl roomates to find “parties.” We couldn’t find any parties (wink, wink) so we bought some booze on the way back to the house. We all got trashed and tried to have an orgy. The closest I got was the three girls rubbing Aloe Vera all over my body at the same time ... ALL OVER. Happy Birthday America, you make me proud. 13 stars for the original 13 colonies and the 13 crotch grabs.



### 8/21 House Warming Party

So I get invited to this house warming party walking distance from my own residence. I bring over margarita mix as a way of saying, “welcome to the neighborhood, get drunk so we can have sex.” The party was fucking dead. What’s more, there was only one attractive girl there. Lucky for me, the same could be said of the guys. After killing Aaron, the rest of us dudes were on an equal aesthetic playing field. After invoking the Koala spirit by using a girl’s tazer on myself, I demonstrated that I was the life of the party and earned even more social validation when I took the pretty girl to her room, then down to the hot tub and then back to her room. Just so you know, this was the girl that submitted the followng personal: “brad, thanks for giving me company during the horrendous dsp and aepi party, ... - the indian girl” Oh yeah, Aaron masterfully handled forgetting the girls name he was hooking up with. He used the old switch-a-roo, “you forgot my name too” and then when she’s like, “No, I didn’t, it’s Aaron.” He’s all, “No bitch, it’s Mathew” and walks away. -2 stars



Read more reviews at  
[www.thekoala.org/party\\_reviews/](http://www.thekoala.org/party_reviews/)

# THE KOALA PERSONALS

We did not write these personals,  
but our SOLO advisor had a few suggestions.

brad, thanks for giving me company during the horrendous dsp and aepi party, and for “praising” my bf. i would’ve given u a chance if you were brown =P - the indian girl

## BEST “FUCK ME” PERSONAL

J,  
You are the hottest prof. I ever had in my life. I don’t even like Science Fiction, I just day-dreamed about you fucking me over your desk every single day in class. Thanks for the B+, long shlong. See you in my dreams.  
- Horny Student

To the old dude in my ochem class: How fucking old are you? I really think your older than the professor. Why are you here? Don’t you have a job, and a family, and probably grand-kids? Or are you just preverted and creepy and wishing for your younger years just so that you can bang some dumb college girl? Or are you retired and just have way too much time and nothing to do other than take ochem? Im confused. By the way, take your ensure, you look like your lacking in your vitamins you old ugly fuck. PS- you are really annoying. How about you let the professor teach and you listen instead of adding your two cents. Thank you.

Last night I went into your room and saw the condom wrappers and empty m&m bags everywhere... what is it you do in there to all your pretty boys? I wish you’d come into my room and do the same thing to me... I can lick M&M’s off a dick with the best of them! Stop by anytime hot stuff... let me be your first girl!!! Pussy beats dick any day baby, year round- not just on the holidays!  
- SWF looking for BGD (big gay dick)

To the big sasquatch dumbshit that works at subway:  
you are the pinnacle of stupidity. you are so fucking slow that if helen keller somehow contracted down syndrome, she’d still give you a run for your money. all you gotta do is put the goddamn meat on a piece of bread, smear a little avocado, and shut the fuck up. but no. you gotta do it all slow, like the dumb mentally handicapped asshole that you are. it’s especially ignorant when you assume your mesican coworkers don’t speak a word of english or something, because when you ask if i want cheese, and i say yes, you hand the bread over to a coworker and go “american queso.” AS IF THEY’RE SO STUPID THEY DON’T KNOW WHAT FUCKING “CHEESE” MEANS. jesus christ how i laugh to myself when they give you that “happy/sad ugh” look. from now on your nickname will be Lenny. LENNY LENNY LENNY LENNY LENNY. THE BIG DUMB ASSHAT WHO IS THE ONLY GUY AT SUBWAY THAT SPEAKS FLUENT ENGLISH’S NAME IS LENNY.  
- disgruntled at subway

To Paul,  
The way you touch pizza and the way you put it in your mouth, the subtle way in which you sip your beer makes me hot and bothered. I’d invite you to eat crackers in my bed any night. Please Fuck me! Fuck me hard. All night.

to the koala: you guys are basically ripping

everything funny off the internet and claiming the humor as your own. please shut the fuck up and die in a hurricane. - internet, lol

Sean the hot motorcycle mechanic,  
You are the feature player in all my wet dreams...  
I want you to come home from work, hot and sweaty, covered in oil. Bend me over your illegal motorcycle and smear me with grease from your blackened, dirrty hands. Your motorcycle goes way too fast but I love how you take it nice and slow. Damn, I want to fuck you for five days straight. Luckily, we’ll be doing that pretty soon, hottie!  
xxxo,  
M, Horny for hard metal between my legs

kelly,  
you are a horse. give us back sina. He’s a good kid that deserves better than the shit you give him. Grow up and learn to accept others you racist cunt.

## BEST “FUCK YOU” PERSONAL

I just want to thank everyone for the great times here at UCSD, by the way, remember when someone pooped in the Price Center fountain two years ago, that was me. - M

fuck fucking the UCSD bookstore! the fat asian lady told me that they were out of fucking parking permits. fuck that. go to fucking gilman and get more, bitches! and then dont fucking give me tickets! that shit is misleading. and it was early in the fucking morning. quit rubbing me the wrong way. oh yeah. and frat boys.. you fucking suck and i will never sleep with you. ever. and you are missing out. really.

You know who you are.  
Why do you quietly work at Sierra Summit, giving me shy looks but never asking for my number? Why don’t we hook-up and you can get a fire started in my kitchen? I love your brown skin and your strong arms. You should throw me on the floor and fuck me already. See you in Sept. - Beaner Lover

eliminate Islam and all of the sudden we are gonna have the world peace. Islam is the most barbaric religion ever!! [Ed Note: Bwahahaha, a typo! If you want a haircut, just ask Muhammed.]

How come poop smells like shit? No, seriously.  
- Steve York

My Hot Neighbor-Guy:  
You are very hot. I watch you play basketball and I wish you would take your shirt off. I wish you would take ALL your clothes off and rub your nipples on my face. And put your cock in my mouth. Then I would swallow all of your essence after you came. I promise I would do anything you asked me to. You are fucking hot.  
- Warm Pussy Next Door

to the chatty asians in giesel: SHUT THE FUCK UP!!! I am so sick of hearing your meowing and high pitched squeaks that you call your langauge. Ugh! I come to giesel for peace and quiet and all I hear is you. SHUT UP! JUST SHUT UP! :) I don’t hate asian

people, I just hate it when they make noise.

Peyote Haiku  
I love peyote.  
Wish it did not make me puke.  
Call me Sasquatch, bitch.  
- Druglord Fucker

ATTENTION all Asian freshman males: Please do not grow out your “beard” in a pathetic attempt to fulfill your newfound college identity. I am tired of being distracted in class by a few of those revolting 6-ft long strands of black hair protruding from your otherwise barren and lifeless chin. Seriously, some of the gals that dine at OVT have more facial hair than you do, so you’re really impressing no one but the fictional girls in Halo 2 and your Manga comics. Shave it off with anything: a Mach 3, a Lady’s Schick Quattro, even the top of a rusty coke can; I really couldn’t give a fuck. Just get rid of it and then maybe we’ll finally move up in US News & World Report’s college rankings.  
With The Utmost Sincerity,  
B FAT

Krista,  
Remember that time we took laced ganja and tripped out in the shower? And those times we went skinny-dipping at Black’s? But now you’re married. Congrats, you psycho! Make sure you fuck a lot and remember me. But not simultaneously. HAHA.  
Love,  
Mary

## Submitted List

Top five things that make you a stupid, insecure girlfriend  
1) You suck your boyfriends cock every time he notices a hot chick just so you (think) he won’t leave you.  
What you don’t know is: he’s thinking about her while your doing it.  
2) You won’t watch movies with Rachel McAdams or any other hot actress or model because you don’t want him getting any ideas.  
What you don’t know is: He has magazines of them stashed away and he knows you’ll never compare.  
3) You get mad at your boyfriend for watching pornography  
What you don’t know is: if you looked better, lost some weight, put on some makeup, shut up and fuck as he wants it, he might hold off watching for a week.  
4) You spend every waking minute with him.  
What you don’t know is: He still gets around to fucking your best friend...when you sleep  
5) You’ve fooled yourself into thinking he loves you, for you  
What you don’t know is: In the end, he is just with you because he knows if he left, you would kill yourself  
- D

Are you a deranged loser who hates Asians, but still goes to school with them? If yes, stop sending us personals.

Submit your thoughtful, concise, and intelligent personals to our TA’s and graders at [www.thekoala.org](http://www.thekoala.org)